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The American Union

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DR. ENOCH GEORGE. DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

GRAIN. FRUIT.

Gould, Dukes & Co.,

No. 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,

—WITH—

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3-30-1y.

Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,

WHOLESALE

Commission Merchants,

305 North Water St,

PHILADELPHIA.

For the Sale of

EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.

☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

DENTON, MD.

Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

Wanted for the Cash,

BEEF HIDES, SHEEP SKINS, FUR, GAME, EGGS, POULTRY, BEESWAX, CALVES, &c. Also, you may find at my old stand a fine lot of

GROCERIES,

such as best brand Hams, Dried Beef, Shoulders, and Side Bacon, Breakfast Bacon, Fish, Sausage, Mince Meat, Pickels, and in fact everything in my line, which I will sell very close for the cash. I will endeavor to keep a fine assortment of French and plain Confectionery and Christmas goods of all kinds. I make a specialty of Powder, Shot, Caps, &c.

oct4-y. THOS. M. COOPER.

TAILORING

J. W. Irving,

FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the

Tailoring Business

in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.

Cutting, Scouring and Repairing

done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

KELLER'S

VEGETABLE

LIFE

TRADE MARK

DROPS

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops.)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint,
Biliousness,
Ulcers, Rheumatism,
Pimples, Skin Diseases,
Blotches, Neuralgia,
Boils, Eruptions,
Headache, Nervousness,
Jaundice, Fever & Ague,
Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

W. F. COOK,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.

MAIN STREET,

may18-6m. GREENSBORO, MD.

CAST OF THOUGHT.

The following is the poem found on the body of the Union Pacific train robber Collins, who was killed a few days ago at Buffalo Station, Kan. The poem was dedicated to him by a young lady:

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

I would ask of you, my darling,
A question, soft and low,
That gives me many a heartache,
As the moments come and go.
I know your love is truthful,
But the truest love grows cold;
It is only this, my darling:
Will you love me when I'm old?

Down the stream of life together
We're sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor
Safe beyond the surging tide;
To-day our sky is cloudless,
But the night may clouds unfold.
It is only this, my darling:
Will you love me when I'm old?

When my head it shames the snowdrift,
And my eyes shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one
Down the valley as we go;
I would claim of you a promise
Worth to me a mint of gold,
It is only this, my darling;
Will you love me when I'm old?

THE BURNT LETTER.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had let fly the arrow she had kept in her quiver.

"Your son Grantley goes over the hill to Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb,' said she.

"I don't know it if he does,' replied the old lady.

"Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father,' said the neighbor—"but everybody else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Keziah saw him kiss her at the gate on Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far as that unless it was so, eh? Well, good-bye.

She hurried off leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door.

It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair; but she did at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise:

"Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the only child of the very worst enemy his father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did the things I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'll never be a happy home.—But that's the way with men! a pretty face strikes them and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest. Why should he choose Sarah Burdock's daughter?'

She rocked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap.

"There's Fanny White,' she murmured, "a nice, thrifty girl; and Minnie Holm.—Why, her mother is the best friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to; though I don't know why Grantley should marry any one yet.—But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can come her, never, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, flighty way; and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the table. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them. Oh! if my Grantley does marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't!'

Just then a foot struck the floor of the porch, the window raised a little, and through the aperature came flying two letters. One a yellow, vulgar-looking missive, the other a little white envelope with a monogram upon it.

The old lady looked up.

The postman, who had thus easily delivered his letters, looked over his shoulder and laughed and nodded at her, as he hurried away with his leather bag upon his arm, and she put on her spectacles to read the superscriptions.

The yellow envelope held only one of those circulars with which tradesmen of all sorts are in the habit of flooding the country. The white one was not addressed to her, but to her son, and the monogram was a very pretty silver and blue A. B.

"Ann Burdock,' said the old lady.—"It's a note from her. Now I wonder what she has written to my boy? I'd like to know. It's very easy opening these envelopes. 'Tisn't as if they were sealed; and what harm would it be for a mother to read a letter to her son? I've half a mind to do it. Only he'd be angry, maybe. Well, then, I'm angry too, and with more reason. Yes—I will.'

A little old-fashioned copper kettle simmered and bubbled upon the stove. A little spirt of steam arose from its spot.

The old lady looked at it. Then, rising, she crept across the floor in a guilty sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann Burdock should have secured them better than she could with the little touch of mucilage the maker of those envelopes had bestowed on each one.

Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped them from the steam that had gathered upon them, and, still standing, opened the sheet of paper adorned with a monogram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"Dear GRANTLEY—You went away angry with me on Sunday evening, and said that if I would not take back what I had said you would never come to see me again. And I was too proud and too angry to say a word to keep you. But, Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now. You were in the right, and I was to blame, and I take it all back—every word. I never meant it.—You are so downright you think one must mean all one says, but indeed I never meant it. And so forgive me and come again next Sunday night. I find that life would be a very sad thing for me if we really quarrelled. Yours forever, ANN.'

"So!' muttered Mrs. Webb, between her teeth. "It has gone so far, then; and she has been showing her temper and angering Grantley. Well, if he has spirit enough to stay away one week, he'll have spirit enough to stay away altogether, perhaps.'

Then she gave an angry stamp.

"Why do I comfort myself with that?' she said. "I know this letter will call him back to her, and he'll be more in love with her than ever. Oh, if she had not written! I know my boy well enough to know that he would not go back to her without that. Well, he hasn't seen it yet; and if I choose he never need. It is for his good, I know. Ann Burdock is not the girl for him. I'll keep him from her.'

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a black and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son's step sounded in the hall, and she covered it from sight with the kettle.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?' he asked. "I smell something scorching.'

"It's not my dress,' she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and again Mrs. Webb had a little fright.

"Any letter for me?' asked her son, with an eager look in his face.

"No,' she answered faintly. "Did you expect one?'

"Not I,' said he, his brows contracting. "But I met the postman on the hill, and he called out to me to hurry home and get my love-letter. His joke, I suppose.'

"It was impudent of him,' said Mrs. Webb, not daring to meet her son's eye.—"That's a love-letter, is it?'

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that he should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the thought from her.—She spread the little store of dainties before her son and tried to make him eat; and though she had not been so frightened by his questions, she could not help approaching the dangerous subject herself.

"Are you going out to night?' she asked.

"No,' he answered; "I think not.'

"The neighbors were telling me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often,' she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother,' he answered, "that is no sign I shall go again.'

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's,' said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never think of a girl whose father quarrelled with yours, and may have the evil temper of her mother. She's a flirt, too, they say.'

Then she bounced out of the room.—When she came back Grantley had gone up stairs.

She heard the boards of his bed-room floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

Well, well,' she said to herself, "he'll get over it.'

But, whatever the feeling was, love, anger, or grief, it did not agree with Grantley Webb. He grew thinner and thinner. He took less interest in that which went on around him. He avoided all the other young people of the place, and seemed to have neither youth nor spirit left.

Could it be all about that girl Ann, old Mrs. Webb asked herself, trying to cheat herself into the idea that the boy was only ill.

But in vain she made him warm possets and bowls of herb tea. Even if he had drunk them, which he did not, for they all went to water the grass of the old orchard—even if he had drunk them, they would have done him no good.

Only one thing could help him—the only thing that seemed to him impossible as he sat at his window, staring through the chill midnight at the roof of the Burdock dwelling, never guessing that under its eaves Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and none other.

He had not answered her note; he was unforgiving; but she had vexed him. She was partly to blame.

The old lady in the ruffled night-cap—who often started from her sleep in the big front bedroom of the Webb home with a dream of letters that curled up into tinder over the red coal—had more on her conscience than she knew.

For though Ann grieved, she did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but was outwardly gayer than ever, and flirted as she never had before, until at last the same neighbor who had brought the news of Grantley's love affair to his mother, dropping into tea, gave Mrs. Webb and her son a bit of gossip as they sat at the table together.

"Ann Burdock is going to be married at last. It's that young man from London—Mr. Millet.'

"I believe weddings when I see them now,' said Mrs. Webb.

"But Mrs. Burdock herself told me this,' said the guest.

When she was gone, Grantley, who sat before the table still, with his elbows upon it, dropped his head upon his arms, and there was a sound of quick breathing.

For a little while his mother watched him. Then she went close.

"Grantley,' she said in a trembling voice, "what is it? What ails you? Tell me!'

"It's only that I am a fool, mother,' he answered.

"But—Grantley, what about?'

He lifted up his young, worn face then, and answered:

"Mother, don't you know? It's about Ann Burdock. It's been very hard to bear but if she does marry any one else—I—shall kill myself, I think. Life doesn't seem worth having.'

"Life doesn't seem worth having if you can't have Ann!' the mother said, in a puzzled sort of way. "But why, what is there in her?'

"What there never is in more than one woman to any man, mother,' said Grantley.

Somehow, from the far-away years of youth, a memory came back to his mother that helped her to understand him.

She felt that she had done very ill, and if confession could do any good, she would even confess. At least, if she could not quite do that, she would let him know the truth about Ann.

"Grantley, dear,' she faltered, "you—you had a quarrel?'

"Yes,' he answered.

"But if she had written to beg your pardon you'd have forgiven her?'

She almost hoped that he would say 'No,'—that she need not go on.

But he answered:

"Yes—but she never wrote.'

"I think she did, Grantly,' said the mother. I—I know she did. I—I—an accident happened to the letter. It—it got burnt; but I'm sure it was an apology. Indeed, I saw a few words, but I didn't think you cared so. You see it—it fell into the fire.'

"Why did not you tell me before? cried Grantley.'

"Well, I somehow did'nt like, was all the mother could say. "And why don't you go and ask her about it, and see what it was?'

Poor Mrs. Webb, when her son, after many questions, had taken her advice, cried bitterly. She might have felt even worse, had she heard what Ann was saying.

The story had been told, a reconciliation effected, a declaration made to the effect that Mr. Millet had never been loved.—And then Ann Burdock said, with a laugh—

"But, Grantley, your mother burnt that letter on purpose. Only a man could believe the story you've told me. She did not want me for a daughter-in-law. I owe her no grudge—remember that, and don't tell her what I say.'

Grantley never did. And old Mrs. Webb has often been heard to say that Ann Burdock has turned out better than could have been expected.

Randolph and the Landlord.

John Randolph was traveling in a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted. In the meantime he stopped during the night at an inn at the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine old gentleman. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows:

"Which way are you traveling Mr. Randolph?'

"'Sir,' said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked,' said the landlord, 'which way you were traveling.'

"Have I paid my bill?'

"Yes.'

"Do I owe you anything more?'

"No.'

"Well, I am going just where I please—do you understand?'

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, the servant returned to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph you don't owe me a cent, just take which road you please.'

Manners.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindliness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first 'action,' the second 'action,' and the third 'action'—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good-will of of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man, on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favorable to longevity—by this manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personificatiens of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking.—Again, has the business man any stock in trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the 'survival of the fittest' in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a 'natural selection' when the old motto "Manners maketh man' decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. "I am,' he said, "the ugliest man in the three kingdoms but if you will give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest. If kindliness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The Apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavored to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners.—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE nearness of final, complete salvation in heaven, is adapted to animate and comfort the heart under its varied burdens of trial and sorrow. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," but in the heaviest pressure of them there is hope of deliverance, of final entire exemption from them, and of surpassing gracious reward in that land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Now is our salvation nearer than when we entered upon the new life. This is a comforting truth. Even now many of our appointed trials are actually over and done with forever. They are now fewer than when we first encountered them. Soon the very last one of all will alone remain.

Surely we should not faint with such a prospect of the termination of all our troubles. We strive for a glorious prize. So far from being dispirited, every new trial should be met with cheerfulness, because there is one less to encounter. Every victory gives new strength and adedd skill; every success makes the burden light, the foe less formidable, and the conquest easier; and we are thus the more prepared for the final struggle and the victor's triumph.

We are nearer to the prize. If we were told that the very last trial had come, how should we be braced to meet it, and especially if we were assured of success! We have that assurance. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith in the infinite merits of the Lord Jesus.—Our armor is of heavenly temper, and the Captain of our salvation is with us; the joy of the Lord is our strength. When we come to the closing conflict, the last enemy shall be destroyed; death shall have no sting, and the grave no victory over us.

Let us be steadfast and patient, and hope until the end. Let us work while the day lasts, in faithful love to all with whom we have to do. The end draweth near. Soon the last trial will be past, the final affliction ended.

ALTHOUGH Shakespeare has said "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman," a shrill, harsh and far-shrieking organ sometimes stands the sex in good stead. For instance, a mail agent, riding in a stage between Little Prairie and Palmyra, Wis., was attacted by two armed men, who sprang from the thicket and attempted to seize the horses' heads. A lady who was with him did the only thing she could do to help him: she screamed. The horses, frightened by her outcries, broke loose from their captors and ran down the road; and before they could be reined in the highwaymen were far behind.....A widow, living in Houston, Texas, returned to her house a week ago, after spending the evening with her daughter, and went to bed without looking under it to see if there was a man there. And there was one there—a big burly negro.—Presently, she fancied that she heard a cat in the room, and, lighting a candle, discovered the negro. Then she screamed like forty. The negro, stunned by the noise, scrambled to his feet and jumped out of the window.

AN old bachelor was rather taken back a day or two since, as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed upon seeing a wood cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman, "Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then, turning to a young lady, he inquired, "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best thing for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

True Faith.

Faith deals in a person rather than in a system of philosophy. It stands for life inspired by a person, and not for a life wedded to certain forms of Christian thought, and hence devotion to a form of ecclesiasticism, or to an organization, can never form a part of that faith which leads man along toward salvation. To suppose that a Christian must believe just such a statement of ideas, Protestant or Catholic, or Calvinian or Arminian, was the fatal error of the past and is the decaying error of the present. The assemblages of proposition and inference are breaking up to make room for the personage so great in Bethlehem and so divine still. A person is always simpler and more inspiring than a philosophy, just as a rose is always sweeter than botany and a Beatrice lovlier than her history. Thus Christ stands forth greater than all the theology, however accurate; infinitely greater than a theology that is small, and hopelessly greate than a system that is partly false. In the presence of Jesus himself the assembled dogmas of the middle and more recen ages scatter and retreat as slaves separate or bow in humility when the king appears, or as clouds scatter when the sun's chariot rolls on the eastern border. Christ advances in only His own character. He came not with any controversy over details of hell or heaven, or immersion or sprinkling or presbyter or bishop, but bearing His own character as the light carries its seven colors, or as the spices carry their perfume. A correct knowledge of religious truths and customs is desirable, just as the daylight is best for him who must walk through the city or country, but this knowledge of Christian doctrine or custom, forms an humble part indeed of the faith which leads toward peace and God. Faith is not a mass of information, but a profound attachment. Hence behind all these systems which a hundred sects have pushed to the front—systems which contradict and render each other impossible—there moves one character which is always one and whom all love. It is therefore no part of faith to gather up all these varied and transient ideas but to hasten over all of them and to say with affection, "Behold my Master!'

THE LARGEST OF AMERICAN FARMS.—"Miller & Lux are said to have 700,000 acres in all in California, an area nearly as great as the State of Rhode Island. There must be at least 400,000 acres in one body, running in a strip ten or twelve miles wide and sixty miles long from Hill's Ferry southward. The canal farm, is therefore, a very small proportion of it. It is covered with farm houses as well equipped in all respects as the canal farm. They own about 80,000 head of cattle, and last year their new-born calves numbered 25,000 head. Of sheep they have a vast number, as well as of hogs, and they furnish the largest share of fresh meat for the San Francisco market. They can start a herd from Kern county and drive it through to San Francisco, and have good pasturage on their own land for the cattle to feed on every night on the route."—*Stockton Independent.*

WHEN Dr. Johnson had completed his dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionery and thanks God he is done with him." To this uncourteous intimation the doctor replied—"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

JOY-BRINGERS—Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star beams, or charm the heart like songs upon a holy day.

EUROPE is importing a surprising quanty of American fruit—$2,500,000 worth within a year past, estimates the New York *Tribune*, to $600,000 worth the year before. Dried apples figure largely in this movement. This country has exported over 12,000,000 pounds of them since last June, as compared with 522,000 pounds the previous year. This new addition to the trade of the United States is due to invention, which has occupied itself of late with improved methods for drying and preserving and transporting fruit.

"Remember whom you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a refractory boy, "I am your father." "Well who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence, "taint me."

WOMEN can't stand on the streets, talk politics and swear, but they can stay at home and rip and tear and darn—their husband's old clothes.

"Marriage is a promotion,' says George Elliott. She might have gone further and said it is commotion.